

WITH SUPPLEMENT

Defered Correspondence.

A ROCKCASTLE MAN WITH A HISTORY.

John Borden, who lives on Copper Creek, in this county, was in our office Monday. In a conversation with him, we learned something of his history. He was born in the Canton d'Aspet in the Haute Garonne, France. At the age of 19 he entered the French army, about the same time that Louis Napoleon became President of the Republic. At the age of 23, Borden had been promoted to the rank of first Lieutenant, and was aide-camp on the staff of General Chagraner. He was in Paris on the night of December 2nd, 1852, which was the night of Napoleon's famous coup d'etat. At midnight Gen. Chagraner was awakened by a messenger who told him the President wished to see him. The General repaired at once to the presence of Napoleon. Here he was made a prisoner, and found himself in company with a number of other officers who were prisoners, and who were like him, friends of the Republic. The next morning all these, with their staff officers were banished from France. At 9 o'clock, Borden turned his back on Paris and made his way to Belgium. He remained at Brussels six weeks. Leaving there he traveled through Europe, spending some time in Switzerland and Italy. About eleven months after his departure from Paris, he arrived at Barcelona, Spain, where he resided three years, occasionally seeing friends and kindred from his native country. In 1856 he came to America. He lived for a short time in Charleston, South Carolina, and from there went to Madison county, Ky. Two years ago he married and came to this county. He is now 49 years of age, and is a man of rather striking appearance, being more than six feet high, straight as an arrow, with dark, piercing eyes, and closely cut hair and mustache of "iron-gray" color. He is a farmer, a sound Democrat, and an enthusiastic Morphy.

How to Break Bad Habits.

To those who have signed the temperance pledge, the following advice is offered:

Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution just think the matter over and endeavor to understand why it is you failed so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it is an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is fully foreseen that with out effort you can break off a bad habit in a day, which may have been gathering long years.

The question whether a gentleman walking with a lady should give his right or left arm, is frequently discussed. Custom and written etiquette are rather in favor of the right, and there are excellent reasons in behalf of the left arm. Either one or the other permanently retained is vastly better than the awkward and absurd habit of changing arms, so as to place the lady on the inside of the promenade. One advantage of giving the left arm is that the person on the right naturally takes the lead, so that, in the country or city, in the street or park, he thus readily directs the way, instead of waiting to consult with his companion, or causing a jostling by each of them trying to move to opposite points. Another advantage is, that in a crowded thoroughfare, where the sidewalk is invariably lumbered with merchandise and thronged with people, a gentleman needs his right arm to remove obstructions and keep rule or careless folks out of the way.

A BOLD WIFE STORY.—Ben Wade, when he was traveling westward, interviewed a lank countryman peddling cakes at a small station in the alkali region. "Waal, yans, stranger; I low we've got just as fine a patch o' country as can be fetched in America. There ain't but two things we lack; if we had them we'd be all right. I calculate all we need is water and good society."

"Humph! That's all well enough," answered the crusty Southerner. (Chicago Times.)

An English judge recently defined bankruptcy as "where a man owes a lot of money, and a lawyer and an accountant divide his estate between them."

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Curiosities of Matrimony.

Matrimony presents here and there interesting peculiarities. A bridegroom in Herkimer county, New York, unable to relish the fun of a discordant serenade on the wedding night, got out of bed and shot through the window at the serenaders, wounding three of them. A Mormon has just married, at one swoop, a mother and her daughter. Has he a mother-in-law? A miner returned from California to Michigan to marry the girl that he had left behind him. He announced that he was commissioned also to pick out a girl for his mining partner and take her to him to wed. After careful prospecting he made a choice, and the chosen damsel has gone with the wedded pair to California to meet her future husband. Kepler and Stevens traded wives in Tipton, Iowa, two years ago, the latter getting \$700 on account of the wife that he gave being far handsomer than the one he received. Stevens has since grown wealthy, and his lawful wife seeks by a lawsuit to reinstate herself. Sally, a Puute Princess in Nevada, married a white man and returned with him to her tribe. The indignant Indians shaved his head, shipped him soundly, and drove him back into civilization. A Troy clergyman publishes a complaint that the pay received for marriage services is not adequate, considering the risk that is incurred in uniting couples against the wishes of their families. He says that the fees generally range from one to five dollars. Recently he rode ten miles into the country, spent a whole day, paid \$5 for the use of a horse, and received only \$1.25.

Female Society.

All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolve against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yoked beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast that does not know one tune from another, but as a true epicure hardly ever tires of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her daughter Fanny, or her boy Frank, and make the evening entertaining. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful toward her. The habit is of good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us, at the best, eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be attentive and respectful.

"You are very late this morning," Mr. Jinks, was the gruff salutation of a society member to one of his clerks, who did not let it happen again. "Very sorry, sir," said the clerk, humbly. I met with a serious fall. "Ah, indeed?" said the merchant, reluctantly, "how was that?" "As you have said," "Principally, sir, in your estimation," said the clerk respectfully. "Oh, never mind that," said the merchant in a kind tone—"never mind that; I commiserate you. We are all liable to accidents. How did you get the fall?" "Well, you see, sir," said the clerk, confidently—"I was called quite early this morning—in fact, you will observe, sir, somewhat earlier even than usual." "Ah!" "Yes, sir—but, somehow or other, I fell asleep again, sir!" "Mr. Jinks, you are a humbug!" exclaimed the merchant, in a bantering tone; for, in spite of his gruffness, he is fond of a joke. "Go to your desk, and—don't try it on again!"

TRUTH NEVER DIES.—Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness—these are all imperishable. No grave can ever outlast these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been free ever since; those who enshrined them in their hearts have been buried at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness and integrity and righteousness. The way that is consistent with these must be the way everlasting life. [Spurgeon.]

WHIPPING THE WINGED BOY.—While whipping a boy at school, the master found him laughing heartily, and the harder he whipped the louder the boy laughed. Stopping, he angrily asked, "What are you laughing at?" "Sir," said the youth, who could hardly suppress his laughter, "you are whipping the wrong boy."

Mothers as Doctors.

Practical mothers learn much by their experience with the little bodies intrusted to their care. Some of the most common-sense facts in the physical culture of these little ones known to the more experienced mothers may not come amiss to those who have had but little care of children. The foundation must be well laid to insure healthy and happy children. The child must be well slept, well aired, well fed, and well bathed. By a thorough understanding and practice of these four simple rules, much of the physical, mental and moral suffering in life would be avoided by parent as well as child. If a healthy child (and a delicate one proportionately) is regularly put to bed about dark in a quiet, well ventilated, or even a cold room, after a supper of plain food, it will naturally wake at day-break, good natured, with a keen appetite for a wholesome breakfast. Nutritious, plain food, at regular hours, with no candy or stimulants, and free bathing to help the system ward off many prevalent children's ailments, and to bear with much less danger the few that must necessarily come to the majority of the little ones. The child that is just given a little confectionery, or unsuitable food, and then rocked to sleep, should cause no surprise at waking peevish and feverish. It is simply the result of imaginary affection and want of knowledge on the part of the one in charge. It will certainly pay in the end to search diligently for the cause when a little child is habitually cross. [Golden Rule.]

THE HUSBAND MARKET.—A strong-minded woman married a man not noted for activity of mind or energy of character, and before the honeymoon was over, upon awakening one morning, he found his spouse in tears.

"My love," said he, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream."

"Why, what was it?"

"I thought I was up Broadway shopping, when I saw a sign, 'Husbands for sale.'"

"So many women were rushing in that I followed, and just then they sold a splendid specimen for fifteen hundred dollars."

"Well, did you see any that looked like me?"

"Yes, indeed. But they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

Tauheau.

SPAYING SOWS.—A correspondent of the Western Farm Journal says:

"Farmers, spay your sows before fattening them. There are thousands of dollars lost to us every year by not doing it. The shippers and packers have combined to dock us forty pounds on every sow that looks as though she might ever have any pigs. This is a heavy shrinkage, but we have to submit to it; yet we have the remedy in our own hands. If we have our sows spayed they cannot dock us."

How women can manage to sit bolt upright and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left, during a sermon in church, passeth the understanding. A man will sit on a picket fence all the afternoon to see a ball match—but put him in a church pew for three quarters of an hour, and he will wobble all over the seat. It can be said for the women that they do not wobble. [Elmira Advertiser.]

Mr. Spurgeon said the other day that there were a number of religious people who, like vagrants, seemed inclined to try to get to heaven by a by-road so as to escape paying the turnpike, attending sometimes one place and sometimes another, never doing much, and never being asked for much.

Little boy, when your mother takes you across her knee you are transparent.—[Boston Post.] Because, you see, she puts pains into you.—[N. Y. Mail.] And she takes away your wind—[Graphic.] Just below the navel.—[Com. Bulletin.] That's right, boys; go it blind.—[Boston Post.]

"Mr. Jones, don't you think women are more sensible than men?" asked Miss Smith. And Jones, after scratching his favorite bump for a moment or two, said: "Why, certainly, they are—they marry men, and men only marry women." Miss Smith beat a hasty retreat.

Teacher with reading class. Boy (reading) "And as she sailed down the river—" Teacher—"Why are ships called she?" Boy (precisely) "Because they are the responsibilities of his sex." "Because they need the men to man them."

One praying man who does not live up to his profession does more harm to religion than six battalions of Bob Ingersoll.

Mama's Other Baby.

"What makes that noise?" asked a little boy on the train the other day. "The cars," answered his mother. "What for?" "Because they are moving." "What are they moving for?" "The engine makes them." "What engine?" "The engine in front." "What's it in front for?" "To pull the train." "What train?" "This one." "This car?" repeated the youngster, pointing to the one in which they sat. "Yes." "What does it pull it for?" "The engineer makes it." "What engineer?" "The man on the engine." "What engine?" "The one in front." "What is that in front for?" "I told you that before." "Told you what?" "Told you, 'What for?' 'Oh, be still; you are a nuisance.' 'What's a nuisance?' 'A boy who asks too many questions.' 'Whose boy?' 'My boy.' 'What questions?' The conductor came thro' just then and took up the tickets, and the train pulled up to the station before we could get all the conversation. The last we heard, as the lady jerked the youngster off the platform, was, "What conductor?"—[Keokuk Constitution.]

A Lady Reporter.

The lady was somewhat excited, and in writing an account of the runaway for her local paper, she said: "Oh, it was a terrible runaway. You see an umbrella was carrying a man across the street and it frightened the buggy and it started to run with the horse and they ran over the lamp-post and knocked the sidewalk down and upset a little boy who was in her mother's arms and struck some apples and knocked the apple woman out of the peanut stand and they went down the lightning like street and knocked three spokes out of one of the horse's hind legs and took the hide of the wheel off and I fell out and ran a mud puddle into my ear clear up to my shoulders and mud got full of my mouth and eyes and I'll never get over it and it's awful!"

Thus sighs the Burlington Hawk-eye: "One by one all the comforts of this life are taken away from the toiling millions. It used to be a great consolation for us to think in our poverty that none of our rich neighbors could ever get to heaven. Now, alas! we are aware that there is no place else for them to go. Oh, woe! woe! times! Oh, wretched, harsh and inconsiderate world! Oh, dog gone it all!"

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection of itself—a border shadow. We look forward into the lonely night; the soul withdraws itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy.

A mild criticism does one good. "What was the sermon about this morning?" asked a mother of her son.

"Well," was the reply, "it was about—let me see—it was about twenty minutes too long; that's all I remember."

A sweet, blue-eyed Nevada bride, clad in Gossamer tulle, remarked as the clergyman joining her hand with that of her lover: "I'll be got darned if I don't believe that plaster's striking through the back of my dress."

It was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbor, replied with confidence, "I do, yer honor, ivery way as them. That's war," he added, calmly, as the ship struck it, filled and sank.

"Well, I swear, Billy," said an old farmer to an indignant nephew, who was visiting him, "when you take off the yer plug hat and spit two or three times, there ain't much left of you, is there?"

A belated citizen, from whom a policeman was trying to rescue a lamp-post a few mornings ago, violently resisted the endeavor, exclaiming: "Lemme alone; I'm (hic) hold'n' th' fort."

We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulders the other day, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity. One belonged to his girl.

There are people with whom penitence stands for repentance—people with whom wearing mourning dispenses with feeling sorrow.

If a friend points a gun at you, knock him down. It will be time enough to find out afterwards whether it is loaded or not.

A Fulton (Mo.) man who sat down on a buzz-saw the other day is convinced that something besides destiny shapes our ends.

A Sunday School boy upon being asked what made the town of Pisa lean, replied:—"Because of a famine in the land."

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The firm of DENNIS & BASH, Carriage Makers, etc., was dissolved on Jan. 1, 1878, and in the settlement of its affairs, either personally or by proxy, the undersigned is authorized to receive for money due the firm. All persons indebted to us are requested to come forward and settle. D. P. Bash will continue at the old stand in charge of the wood and iron work, and J. R. Dennis will devote his time to the painting and finishing department. Friends of the old firm and the public generally will please remember us when in need of any thing in our line.

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